



JUSTICE TO JOSEPHUS

# A Union of Delicious Flavors

BLUE BOAR is the result of a series of experiments made by a group of pipe tobacco experts. It combines the scientific methods, the traditions and the tobaccos which have made European mixtures famous the world over, with choice and expensive American tobaccos never before used in a mixture of this kind.

The new "Rough Cut" method cuts or breaks these different tobaccos in various degrees of fineness, so that a perfect burning pipe tobacco is produced, and so that the characteristic flavors of all the tobaccos in the mixture merge and "draw together."

No other tobacco has this wonderful BLUE BOAR flavor. The one smoker in a hundred whose critical tobacco taste is hard to satisfy will find in its piquant, fruity richness a new conception of the luxurious possibilities of the pipe.

## Blue Boar

ROUGH CUT

At good tobacco shops in the new  
air-and-moisture-proof pocket package. 25c





If

WERE I Josephus Daniels  
And you the Ship of State,  
I think that I'd expect you  
(What time you found I'd wrecked  
you)  
To seek the deepest channels  
And throw me to my fate,  
Were I Josephus Daniels  
And you the Ship of State.

If Daniels were Discretion  
And I a river, say,  
He'd jump in me to-morrow  
And quit this vale of sorrow  
Or seek a new profession  
With little more delay,  
If Daniels were Discretion  
And I a river, say.

*K. L. Roberts.*

### Always the Unknown

PERMIT me to introduce myself.  
You have been on intimate terms  
with me for some time.

And yet you do not know me. You  
have talked with me on long walks  
and in the still watches of the night.  
You have flattered me and cajoled me  
and pleaded with me and condoned me.  
And yet you do not know me.

The worst of this is that you will  
never know me. You will always go  
on believing that you do. This is your  
fate.

I am the unknowable. I am the one  
you live with, and of whom you are  
destined, so long as you live, to be in  
absolute ignorance.

I am the one you think you are!



*The Shades: LUCKY HE WASN'T OUR BOSS!*



### Life's Fresh Air Fund

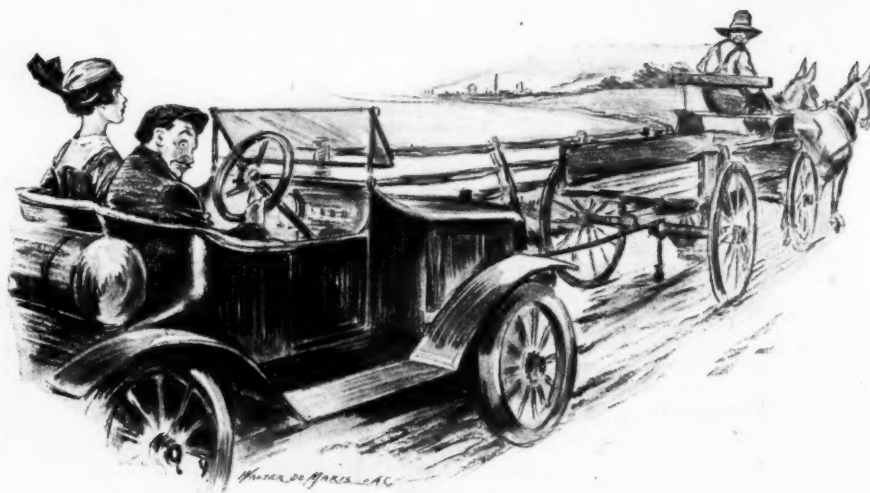
Inclusive of 1915, LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation twenty-nine years. In that time it has expended \$157,495.60 and has given a fortnight in the country to 37,778 poor city children.

The Fund is supported entirely by bequests and voluntary contributions, which are acknowledged in this column.

Previously acknowledged .....	\$7,789.20
Mrs. Wm. Warner Harper.....	10.00
Betty, Jack and Deming.....	5.00
W. B. Harrison.....	6.44
Miss A. T. Huntzinger.....	25.00
Mrs. W. G. Hope.....	10.00
John B. Phillips.....	10.00
From the boys at Boothbay Camp, Bath, Me. ....	10.00
	<hr/> \$7,865.64

**DYER:** What would you do if you had all the money you have spent foolishly?

**RYER:** Spend it foolishly.



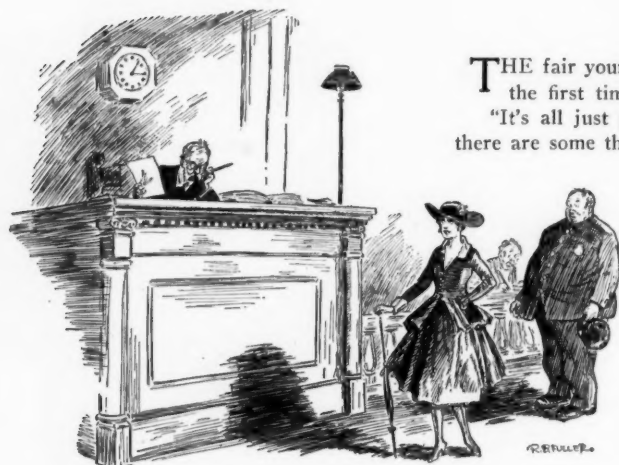
AND HE PERSUADED HER TO BREAK A RATHER IMPORTANT ENGAGEMENT TO GO RIDING WITH HIM

### Explained

**T**HE fair young maid from Oklahoma was seeing the ocean and the navy for the first time.

"It's all just perfectly lovely, captain," she said, leaning over the rail, "but there are some things that I'd like to have explained to me. What do you mean by the mess?"

"Why, Miss Guthrie," replied the gallant captain, "that used to be the general term for our table, but of late it has been a code word all down the line signifying the Secretary of the Navy, in honor of what he has made of his opportunity."



**Judge:** YOU DENY HAVING ANY KNOWLEDGE OF THE AFFAIR, AND YET THE DESCRIPTION FITS YOU EXACTLY—A BEAUTIFUL FACE, A WONDERFUL FIGURE AND DAINTY FEET.  
"OH, JUDGE—I'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT."

### At the Naval Review

**"CAPTAIN JIGSAW** presents his compliments to Admiral Sawbones, and begs to inform him that the Secretary of the Navy has just fallen overboard, sir, and he wishes to know what to do," said the messenger.

"Present my compliments to Captain Jigsaw and tell him to hold matters in suspense until I can communicate with the Department at Washington. I will wireless the first thing in the morning for instructions, and communicate the result to Captain Jigsaw before noon," returned the Admiral.



"ARE YOU SATISFIED WITH THE INSPECTION, MR. SECRETARY?"

"NO—I HAVEN'T SEEN DAVY JONES'S LOCKER YET."





A WISH PICTURE

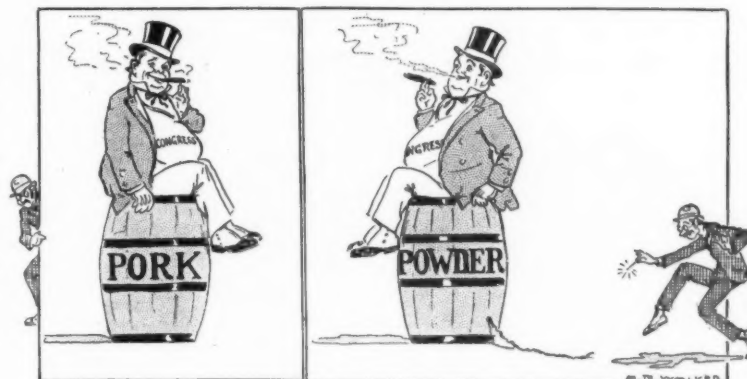
Joe Sea-Fuss the Castaway: so THIS IS THE OCEAN!

The Bachelor

THE bachelor is a man who doesn't know how well off he is. He thinks he knows, but he doesn't. The bachelor spends his time in visiting married people and wondering why they do not learn how to bring up their children. No one knows where he is nights, but everything is suspected.

Bachelors are either eligible or ineligible. When a bachelor is ineligible he can look forward to the future with calmness, or at least a minimum of anxiety.

G. O. P.—Grave Of Progressives.



CAN'T IT BE DONE?



THE GENERAL STAFF OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY.

ACCOR



ACCORDING TO JOSEPHUS



## Sir Josephus Porter Daniels, K. C. B.

(Solo from the new Gilbertian opera,  
"U.S.S. Pantalette")

WHEN I was a lad a kindly fate  
Preserved my morals in the Old  
North State.  
I shunned the flagon and the vile cigar,  
But I sometimes went a-boating on the  
raging Tar.  
I went out boating every now and then,  
So now I am Dictator of the U. S. N.  
I went out boating every now and then,  
So now I am Dictator of the U. S. N.

For rectitude I won such repute  
That my parents sent me to the Institute.  
At sums and spellin' I was always quick,  
And I studied readin', writin' and arith-  
metic.  
I gained such knowledge in scholastic  
halls  
That now I'm giving lessons to the  
Ad-mi-rals.

I gained such knowledge (as I said be-  
fore)  
That they put me on a paper as the  
Ed-i-tor.  
I served my party and I voted straight,  
And I rendered yeoman service to our  
candidate.  
Who wins in politics shall have the jam,  
So now I boss the battleships of Uncle  
Sam.

Oh, under my true democratic rule  
Each superdreadnought is a grammar  
school.  
Our uniforms are a sea-shell pink,  
And lemonade with seltzer is the only  
drink;  
And the captains mess on pork and beans,  
For I'm the High Commander of the  
submarines.

Away with your Naval Boards and such  
With their brass-bound captains, for they  
know too much!  
They sip their wine and they puff their  
weeds,  
But they haven't any notion what a navy  
needs;  
For they never edited their party sheets—  
So I'm the Grand Panjandrum of the  
Nation's Fleets!

Arthur Guiterman.

WHEN Candidate Hughes speaks of  
the present campaign as perhaps  
"the most critical" since 1864, does he  
mean just critical, or hypercritical, or  
hypocritical?



### GREAT AMERICANS

MRS. K. PUSHING CLYMER, WHO HAS HAD HER NAME IN THE PAPER THREE  
HUNDRED AND TWENTY-TWO TIMES IN THE LAST TWELVE MONTHS

### Little Speeches for Great Occasions

*Upon Being Left a Million Dollars*

FORMER Acquaintances, Friends and  
Relatives: I have just inherited a  
million dollars. Therefore it will be  
quite impossible for me to keep the  
friends I had formerly. As for my rela-  
tives, especially those living out of town,  
I promise to snub them consistently and  
on sight. The only real joy in having

a great deal of money is that it permits  
one to be a snob. Snobs are indispens-  
able to the world at large and to the  
United States of America in particular.  
I will endeavor henceforth to go my  
primrose way, cultivating those who are  
richer than I and cutting those who are  
poorer, world without end. I thank you.  
D. B.

FOR WALL STREET—There's many  
a ship 'twixt the stock and the tip.



"FATHER KNOWS YOU'RE GOING TO MARRY SISTER. I HEARD HIM TALKING ABOUT IT THE OTHER DAY."

"BUT I DIDN'T KNOW IT MYSELF UNTIL LAST NIGHT."

"OH, SHE TOLD YOU TOO, DID SHE?"

### The Proverbs of Josephus

**M**Y son, if thy crew be hungry, give them beans to eat; and if they be thirsty, give them nothing but water to drink:

For cold water to a thirsty soul is better than good brews from a far country.

A student secretary refuseth to foresee the evil of inefficiency, and hideth from it.

The horse is prepared against the day of battle: but the Horse-Marines have no need for preparedness.

There be three things which are too wonderful for me, yea, four—at least—which I know not:

The way of an officer in command; the way of a seaman upon a deck; the way of a ship in the midst of the sea—or anywhere else; and the way of a secretary with a navy.



"HANG IT! I WISH I HADN'T TAKEN THAT NERVE TONIC THIS MORNING."





## More Babies

THE generosity of LIFE's readers is shown by the handsome total of \$24,972.25 that they have contributed for the support of destitute French babies orphaned by the war. From this has been remitted to the Orphelinat des Armées, which oversees the great work, the sum of 134,315.89 francs. This insures that for two years more than three hundred and forty babies will be kept in the care of their mothers or relatives, instead of being exposed to the hardships of public institutions.

LIFE is glad to acknowledge from

N. O. Nelson, New Orleans, La., for Baby No. 330..	\$73
S. M. B. and A. H. M., Ambler, Pa., for Baby No. 331.	73
Mrs. James C. Stodder, Bangor, Me., for Babies Nos. 332 and 333.	146
"Russian Bank," San Francisco, Cal., for Babies Nos. 334 and 335.	146
Mrs. Louis H. Burr and Miss Amelia J. Burr, Englewood, N. J., for Baby No. 336.	73
Mrs. H. Redbank, N. J., for Baby No. 337.	73
Madame Edouard Desnouée, Honolulu, H. I., for Baby No. 338.	73
Mrs. Herbert I. Wallace, Fitchburg, Mass., for Baby No. 339.	73
Guy Richards McLane, New York City, for Babies Nos. 340 and 341.	146
Mrs. Gordon Stratley, Jr., Brooklyn, N. Y., for Baby No. 342.	73
Conscience, Cleveland, O., on account of Baby No. 50.	46

### FOR BABY NUMBER 320

Already acknowledged .....	\$47.30
"Collected at Swan's Island, Maine" .....	25.70
	\$73

### FOR BABY NUMBER 329

"Collected at Swan's Island, Maine" .....	\$29.30
"Box 276, Toronto" .....	5
Louise Mathewson, Walthill, Neb. ....	1
The Boy Scouts of America, Troop No. 1, Riverton, N. J. ....	18
Ethel A. Eggert, Newport News, Va. ....	3
	\$56.30

LIFE is sure that every contributor to the fund will be interested in this letter from the widowed mother of one of the babies:

PARIS, August 11, 1916.

MONSIEUR: I am in receipt of a letter announcing that there will be sent to me shortly for my little ones the sum of forty-five francs quarterly, thanks to the generosity of certain children in your great country.

I lack words, sir, to express to you my gratitude. I am very, very much touched by it. What especially moved me is the single sentence, which contains, however, so much delicacy, "Your comrade in America does not mean to give you charity, but to bring to you in this tragic hour the aid of his friendship."

These words, sir, go direct to the heart. Thanks for myself, thanks for my little ones, thanks from the depths of my soul. Let me ask you, sir, to repeat this to the little ones who have interested themselves so kindly in mine.

In the following list the baby's number comes first, then its name, B. or G., signifying boy or girl, the date of its birth, its present address and the name of the LIFE contributor to whom the baby is sent.

134. Simone All Janet, G., Jan. 4, '14, 10 rue Pinel, St. Denis, Seine. H. W. S., Auburndale, Mass.  
 165. Jeanne Bultez, G., May 7, '13, 32 rue des Bons Enfants, Paris. Several contributors.  
 135. René Charpentier, B., Jan. 31, '13, 5 Boulevard de Belleville, Paris. Several contributors.  
 168. Jeanne Corme, G., Aug. 20, '13, 14

- rue Ste. Marthe, Paris. Mrs. W. D. Olmsted, Buffalo, N. Y.  
 136. Antoinette Perdu, G., May 3, '15, Les Coccinelles aux Gravilliers, Athis-Mons, Seine-et-Oise. R. C. H., West Philadelphia, Pa.  
 138. Fernand Vincent, B., Jan. 21, '14, 146 Grande Rue à Bourg-la-Reine, Seine. "Honolulu," Hawaii.  
 139. Madeleine Védie, G., Apr. 11, '14, 46 Avenue Parmentier, Paris. Edward L. Pierce, Syracuse, N. Y.  
 140. Odette Coffre, G., Nov. 11, '13, 12 rue des Fortifications, à Auxerre. F. H. Simpson, Cincinnati, O.  
 141. Jacques Hébert, B., May 17, '13,

- 26 rue de la Paroisse, Versailles, Seine-et-Oise. F. L. S., Detroit, Mich.  
 142. Lucie Leclerc, G., Apr. 6, '15, Pont de la Cité, à Périgueux, Dordogne. Chloe Louise Shear, New York City.  
 143. Roland Lefèvre, B., Aug. 6, '14, Montreuil-aux-Lions, Aisne. Several contributors.  
 144. Roger Héron, B., July 6, '15, 14 rue du Repos, Paris. A Group of Brooklyn Women.  
 145. Paul Ingrain, B., Apr. 1, '15, 163 rue Nationale, Paris. A Group of Brooklyn Women.  
 147. Robert Lacombe, B., Apr. 4, '14, 29 rue des Trois Bornes, Paris. J. D. Gallo-way, Berkeley, Cal.



MARGUERITE MARCQ, BABY NO. 58, AND HER MOTHER

Tell them that this admirable deed is worthy of great and free America.

I lost my husband in the battle of Vauquois a year ago the 7th of March. He was a serious man, honest, honorable and courageous. In leaving me he said, "I do not know what will come to me from this contest, but I shall keep on to the end for their sakes," pointing to our little ones. He died without being able to reap the reward of his courage, but as he said, this will be for his children, who will see France victorious and the Republic greater than ever, for he was a sincere Republican.

My children are still small. The task that I have set for myself is a great one, but happiness also remains to me, and I shall not fail. One of them is seven years old; the other, two. I am twenty-six and a half years old, and am employed in a large English shop in Paris, where I gain a modest livelihood. I am a saleswoman of costumes for ladies. My little Robert is at nurse near me in the neighborhood. My oldest son is in school, also in the neighborhood. My Sunday happiness is to go to visit them.

Working out to gain a livelihood for them, I am not able to keep them at home, and I insist on having my children well brought up. You are not able to understand, sir, what this separation has cost me and the sadness of my empty home, after having there had the joy and happiness of the fireside.

Again, thanks, sir. Soon I am going to have my oldest son, André, write a little word, although he hardly knows how to write, but I will guide him and, like his *maman*, he will give you thanks from the bottom of his heart, for I talked to him of his little friend, unknown, but so good.

Excuse my long letter, sir, but I was so touched that I have felt the need of telling you at once and of expressing my deep gratitude to you for having understood our sorrow; above all how much it costs for a woman alone, with two small children, to carry on the struggle for existence and who, proud, does not wish to ask anything nor to accept the present gift as a charity. You are not able to conceive all the sadness of such a situation.

With my deeply felt gratitude to you, sir, as well as to the unknown little ones, the assurance of my best sentiments and my distinguished salutations.

VEUVE LACOMBE.

## Welcome Home, Mr. Sharp

THERE was no one to meet Ambassador Sharp when he landed the other day, and no one on the wharf knew him, so that the official who asked his name got quite a shock.

And that illustrates what a good thing it is for the Ambassador to make this visit home. Hardly any of us have the honor of knowing him or the advantage of knowing anything about him, except that he comes from Ohio. If we go to the "Who's Who" book (first noting that his first name is William and that his last name has no final e) we find him described as a lawyer, who studied in Ann Arbor and practiced in Elyria, O., and "engaged extensively in manufacturing charcoal, pig iron and chemicals," and also in politics. At the age of twenty-six he was prosecuting attorney for his county; at thirty-three he was a presidential elector; at forty-five he was a delegate to St. Louis, and at fifty he went to Congress, and stayed three terms. He is a "Mason, an Odd Fellow, a Woodman," and now an Ambassador.

Mr. Herrick's record in the "Who's Who" reads very much like Mr. Sharp's, but the war brought Mr. Herrick an advertisement so that we all got to know him. Mr. Herrick was an Ohio lawyer who took to politics and finance; Mr. Sharp was an Ohio lawyer who took to politics and pig iron, also chemicals. Mr. Herrick was not a trained diplomatist, but he was a well-trained man of business and a financier. The war caught him with his trunks packed ready to go home and in a hurry to start. It brought him a big, exciting job that he was just the man to handle. When finally he went out of office he went in a blaze of glory, and half a dozen leading universities made him LL.D. the following June.

But Mr. Sharp came into office in the shadow made by Mr. Herrick getting out, and in the shadow he has stayed ever since.

Welcome home, Mr. Sharp! Welcome out of Mr. Herrick's shadow. We all want to know you better. It has been a satisfaction to see your picture in the papers. If you will kindly

do some simple turns for the movies we shall be grateful. You know, Mr. Hughes includes it among the complaints he makes of Mr. Wilson that he let Mr. Herrick leave Paris and let you take his place. Some of us wish to be able to say that there was no ready help for that, and, anyway, Sharp was just as good as Herrick. But this last is hard to prove, because it has been so hard to know anything about Sharp. There have been no complaints of him, nor any commendations. Few Americans have been to Paris since the war began, and of those who have returned few have had anything to tell us about Mr. Sharp.

What are you like, good sir! Are you wet or dry? Can you do anything yet with the French tongue? Are you able to do anything for France, and have you done the utmost possible? "Charcoal, pig iron, chemicals, Mason, Odd Fellow, Woodman, Congressman!" You see, Mr. Sharp, where the details of description leave us. We

are curious about you because you are our Ambassador to France, and we care mightily for France, and would have a voice there to speak for us.

Are you a voice, Mr. Sharp?

### Canny

A GREAT people, actuated by the highest ideals, spent its resources saving less favored nations from themselves.

But when it had saved five or six it stopped.

"If we make more than half a dozen nations hate us as only a nation saved from itself can hate," reasoned the great people, cannily, "they will join forces and blot us off the map."

Showing that high ideals are not, after all, incompatible with a degree of prudence.

FIRST WESTERNER (in New York restaurant): Shall we go?

SECOND WESTERNER: Don't be in a hurry. If we wait a little longer maybe we'll see a New Yorker.



THE GUIDING SPIRIT OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY



LEAP YEAR

*He:* YOU NEVER COMPLIMENT ME ANY MORE ON MY APPEARANCE.

*She:* OH, CHARMING! CHARMING! CHARMING!





SEPTEMBER 14, 1916

"While there is Life there's Hope"

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**C**OMMENTING upon the action of the government on the railroad strike, the *World* said on September 4th:

The next logical step is to give the Interstate Commerce Commission the same power to regulate railroad wages and working conditions that it now has to regulate railroad rates. The two things necessarily go together, for there can be no just regulation of rates which ignores wages and working conditions.

The railroad unions cannot complain of this, for they invited it. When they accepted the appeal to Caesar they accepted all the inevitable consequences of the appeal to Caesar. Government regulation of wages is a two-edged sword, and the unions in the long run will find it no more satisfactory to them than the railroads have found government regulation of rates. But the railroads were responsible for forcing the government to regulate rates, and the unions are responsible for forcing the government to regulate wages.

Wage issues in railroad operation will never again be a personal matter between employer and employed. There will never again be another railroad strike or a serious threat of a railroad strike. The government of the United States is no longer a neutral in such labor wars.

That is the size of it as it looks to this paper. Railroad strikes are nonsense. A strike of railroad employees which ties up transportation is hardly more bearable than a strike of soldiers in war. Interstate or intrastate, it is all the same. The public must not be

put to anxiety and loss because railroad managers and their employees cannot agree about the terms and wages of labor.

The country has been subjected to a great humiliation by the representative spokesmen of four great brotherhoods of railway workmen. Acting within their legal rights they threatened to tie up transportation unless they got shorter hours and the same pay as before. At the instigation of the President, Congress passed a law giving them the eight-hour day with present (ten-hour) wages from the first of next January, until a commission, to be appointed by the President, had time, not exceeding eleven months, to observe how it worked, and report to the President and Congress.

That takes care of us until far into next year, giving the government ample time to deal with the whole problem of railroad employment and to provide against the recurrence of a situation so disreputable as the one that Mr. Wilson has just enabled us to wriggle out of. To have to wriggle out as we did was not pleasant. The representatives of 400,000 well-paid men took the country by the throat and shook it until Congress bribed them to let go. Mr. Murdock of the Trainmen's Brotherhood thinks that railway relations will all be amicable now and that "the public will soon forget the incident." Other labor leaders say that by November 4th the people will have forgotten everything about the situation except that Wilson averted the strike. Mr. Garretson, big chief, does not agree that there would never be danger again of a national railroad strike, and he is planning a long vacation.

They all look forward, it would seem, to doing it again the next time it is necessary.



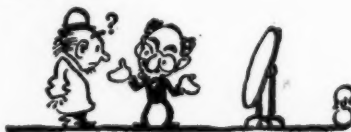
**W**E have got to trust somebody to see that they don't. We have got to prove that our memories are not so short as Mr. Murdock thinks.

Here is an issue as important as any that has developed in this campaign. We want assurance that no railroad labor union will ever again shake down Congress as the Four Brotherhoods shook it down. The legislation to prevent another humiliation of this character will hardly come now until after election, but such assurance as it is possible to give that such legislation will come promptly in December should be profitable to the candidate and the party that gives it, and gives best evidence of the disposition to put it through.

If a Federal law goes through to do away with interstate railroad strikes state laws of a similar sort will naturally follow to do away with street railway strikes.

There is no more sense in street railway strikes than in the other kind. There is no sound reason why the patrons of the local railroads should walk while the management and the operatives are disputing.

Any strike in which the suffering of the general public is the main factor is a hold-up, and hold-ups ought not to be permitted.



**M**R. Wilson's speech of acceptance is a very able document, the gist of it being that he and the other Democrats have managed the affairs of the country just about as sound and sensible observers like Judge Hughes must consider that they should have been run. How Mr. Hughes can read Mr. Wilson's speech and not vote for him would be hard to understand except for the peculiar exigencies of the sit-



TWEEDLEDEE AND TWEEDLEDUM  
Alice: AND I MUST TAKE ONE OF THEM

uation. One thinks of no one whom Mr. Wilson represents more faithfully than he does Judge Hughes.

Senator Ollie James presented the nomination to Mr. Wilson on the porch of the New Jersey palace. Senator James has remarkable gifts of decorative language, but he is not so persuasive as Mr. Wilson. Mr. James blows up the parts of speech as the balloon peddler blows up his rubber wares. You admire them and admit they are pretty, but doubt their lifting power.

But there was a good deal of lift to what Mr. Wilson said. He talked, or read, half a page of newspaper type; not an excessive amount, but he said something in every line. He did not

brag; boasting, he said, is always an empty business which pleases nobody but the boaster; but he felt obliged to admit that the Democratic administration had done a magnificent job.

And then he told about it in detail, and very well indeed, with excellent concentration and a fine savor of sincerity. He went over all the legislation of his first two years, and said in effect that it hadn't been beaten since the ten commandments. He went over his course in Mexico, avoiding unsavory details, and openly gave himself the glad hand as to purpose and object, though mistakes, he said, he had no doubt made "in this perplexing business." He made no boast of having kept

the country out of the war in Europe, but expounded the principles that had guided the administration and insisted that they were sound, and had been faithfully followed. Nothing in his speech was more interesting than his expressed opinion that this was the last appearance of this country as a neutral in a world war. "No nation," he said, "can any longer remain neutral as against any wilful disturbance of the peace of the world. No nation stands wholly apart in interest when the life and interests of all nations are thrown into confusion and peril. The nations must unite in joint guarantees that whatever is done to disturb the whole world's life must first be tested in the court of the whole world's opinion."

Sad to say, he twice introduced the phrase "in the last analysis." It is getting to be that professor-bred persons cannot get through their prayers without allusion to the last analysis. It has a sort of Judgment-Day attraction.

But no matter about that. It was a fine speech, and omitted to include Josephus Daniels as a reason for keeping the Democrats in office. We knew before that Mr. Wilson could make a good speech, but it is a relief all the same to read a speech accepting renomination that does not taste like clap-trap.



OUR own affairs have been so lively, along of the strike threat, that the war in Europe has almost had to take care of itself. Nothing seems to have been neglected. Greece is following Roumania into the Allies' fold, and the homing flight of Hohenzollerns and their tools from thrones that they don't fit seems to have begun.

On all the fronts now the work goes on like a twenty-four hour boiler factory. Sanguine people say the end is in sight, but even they do not say it is near. But at least, the end of the year is likely to see great changes in the lines.

### A Letter from the Czarina to Her Royal Cousin, Queen Mary of England

The Czar has 30,000 servants in his various palaces and residences.  
—News item.

PETROGRAD, Sept. 1, 1916.

#### DEAR COUSIN MARY:

This summer has been the worst I have ever known. The people who think that the royal families don't suffer because of the war would have enjoyed being in my shoes. Eleven hundred and forty-eight cooks have left me with only two weeks' notice during the past few months; and I have worn holes in the steps of every employment agency in the city. Frequently Nicholas has returned from the front, eager for a square meal, only to find that the cooks in half our palaces have taken French leave. We sometimes have to ride two or three hundred miles before we can find one of our palaces that has a cook capable of opening a bucket of caviare. My nerves are in tatters, my dear.

We were going to have an enormous party in a number of our palaces at the same time, to celebrate the fall of Lemberg; and only three days before



"THAT'S WHAT A FELLER GITS FER BEIN' POPULAR WITH TH' LADIES."



Uncle Sam: CHARLIE, IS THAT YOUR DOG?  
"NO—ER—THAT IS—YES—OR RATHER PERHAPS—I DON'T KNOW."

the party started I discovered that eight hundred and forty-one of my most reliable butlers had gone and got married to eight hundred and forty-one of my most carefully trained second-maids, and bought farms in the country. My dear, I was a wreck! Of course, our party was a hopeless failure, for the guests had to mix their own cocktails; and two or three of those amateur cocktails would make a couple of rabbits fight each other to a finish, you know. Their effect on Grand Dukes is simply malicious!

All told, eleven

thousand eight hundred and fifty-nine servants have left me this year. Seven hundred and three got roaring drunk and had to be fired. One hundred and eight blew themselves up while taking bombs out of the mail boxes, three hundred and eighty-seven got sick or broke a leg or something, and the rest just quit. Sometimes I wish that the sale of vodka had not been prohibited, for I often feel like going out and drinking myself into a stupor.

If you have four or five hundred good cooks that you don't need at this writing I wish that you'd loan them to me until the war is over.

Your loving cousin,  
ALEXANDREVNA,  
Czarina of All the Russias.  
K. L. R.

"HE says she's a woman of means."  
"Yes—she means to marry him."





?

*For the best single title (in twenty words or less) that fits both these pictures LIFE will pay \$500.*

Manuscripts should be addressed to  
The Contest Editor of LIFE,  
17 West 31st Street,  
New York.



### Conditions of the Contest

The title, with sub-title, in prose or verse or in whatever form submitted, must not exceed twenty words. By "best" is meant that title which, combining wit, humor and originality, is applicable not only to each picture, but to both. No quotations will be considered. Envelopes must contain nothing but the competing title and the name and address of competitors, plainly written on the same sheet.

Envelopes addressed in any other way will not be considered.

All titles submitted must be at LIFE's office not later than Monday, October 2, 1916. The contest will close at noon of that date. Within two weeks from October 2 a check for \$500 will be sent to the winner.

Announcement of winner will be made in LIFE's issue of November 2.

It is not necessary to be a subscriber to LIFE in order to compete. The contest is open to everyone.

If the winning answer is duplicated, the prize will also be duplicated.

No manuscript will be returned.

The editors of LIFE will be the judges. They will award the prize to the title which, in their judgment, is the most deserving, and will debar any contribution not conforming to these conditions.

*The earlier you get your title in the better. In previous contests many arrived too late.*

### Stairs

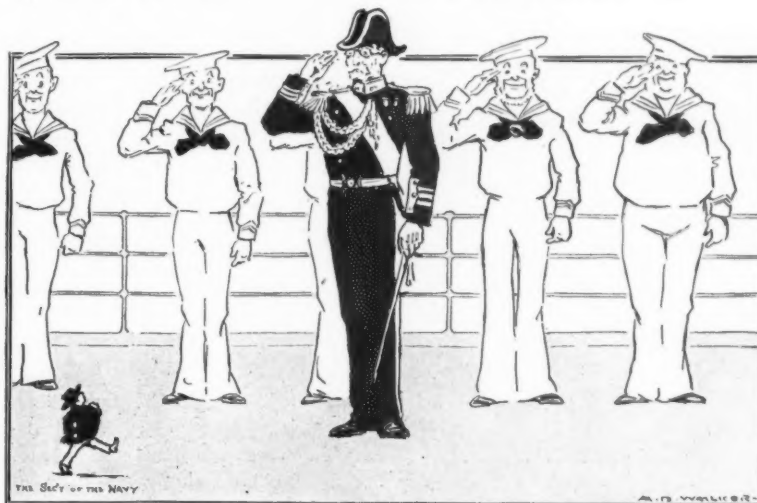
**Y**OU can tell quite largely what a woman is by the way she goes up stairs. If she stops and picks up a thread here and there you will know at once that she is a housekeeper.

When a man goes up stairs he thinks only of getting to the end of his journey. If one of the children has left a teddy bear or a rag doll on one of the steps, as likely as not the man will stumble over it. If he does stumble over it he may poke it to one side. Or he may pick it up and carry it along. Fathers do the best they can. They often have a mind to keep things in order, but they are not looking for threads on the stairs.

The eye of a genuine housekeeper is a special thing in nature. It is microscopic and universal. It has the same quality as the eye of the great kingfisher, who looks down upon the surface of the waters and detects his prey. The housekeeper's eye is like that. Crumbs, threads and dust—

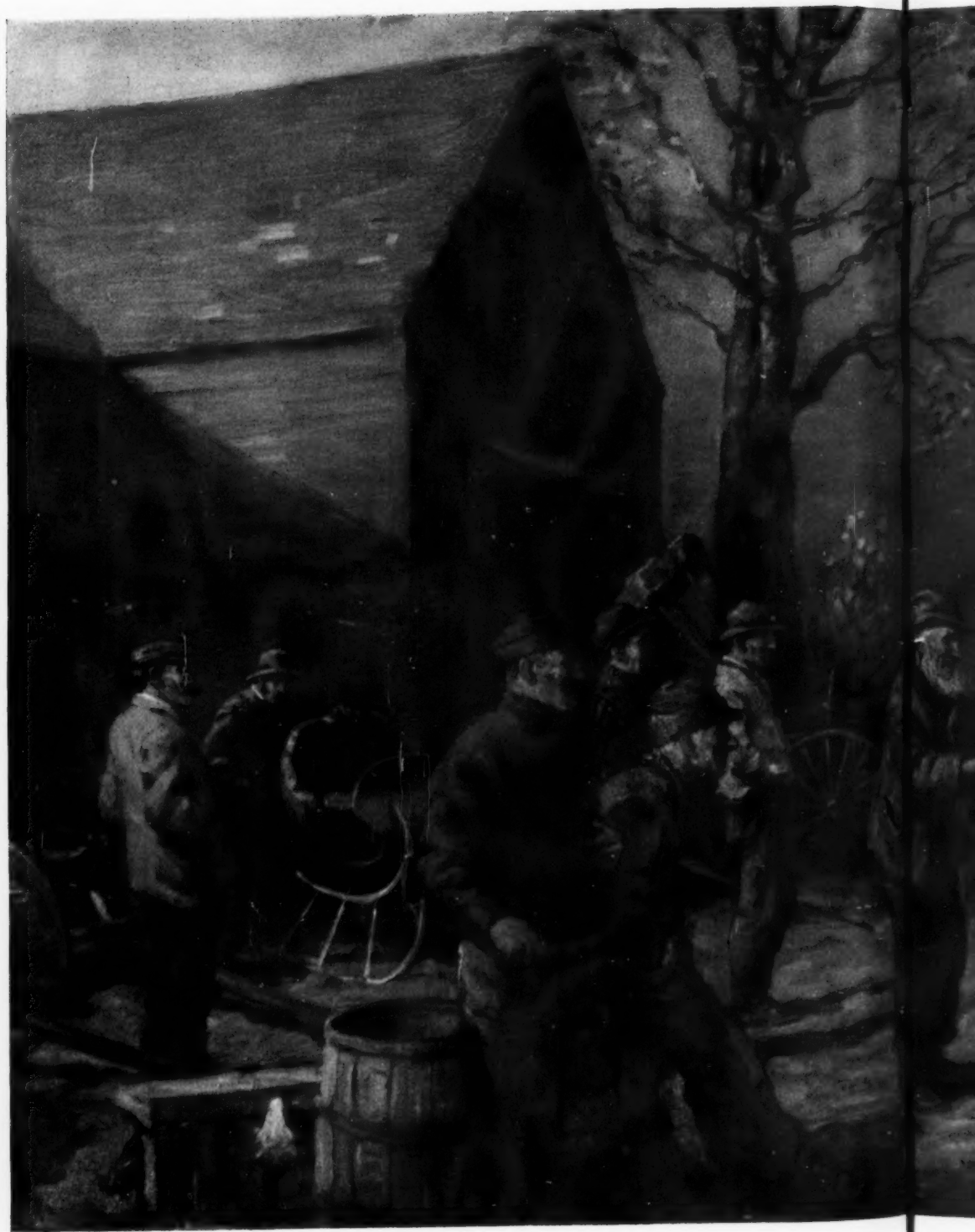
these are its prey. And when a woman walks up stairs she shows whether she is a housekeeper or not.

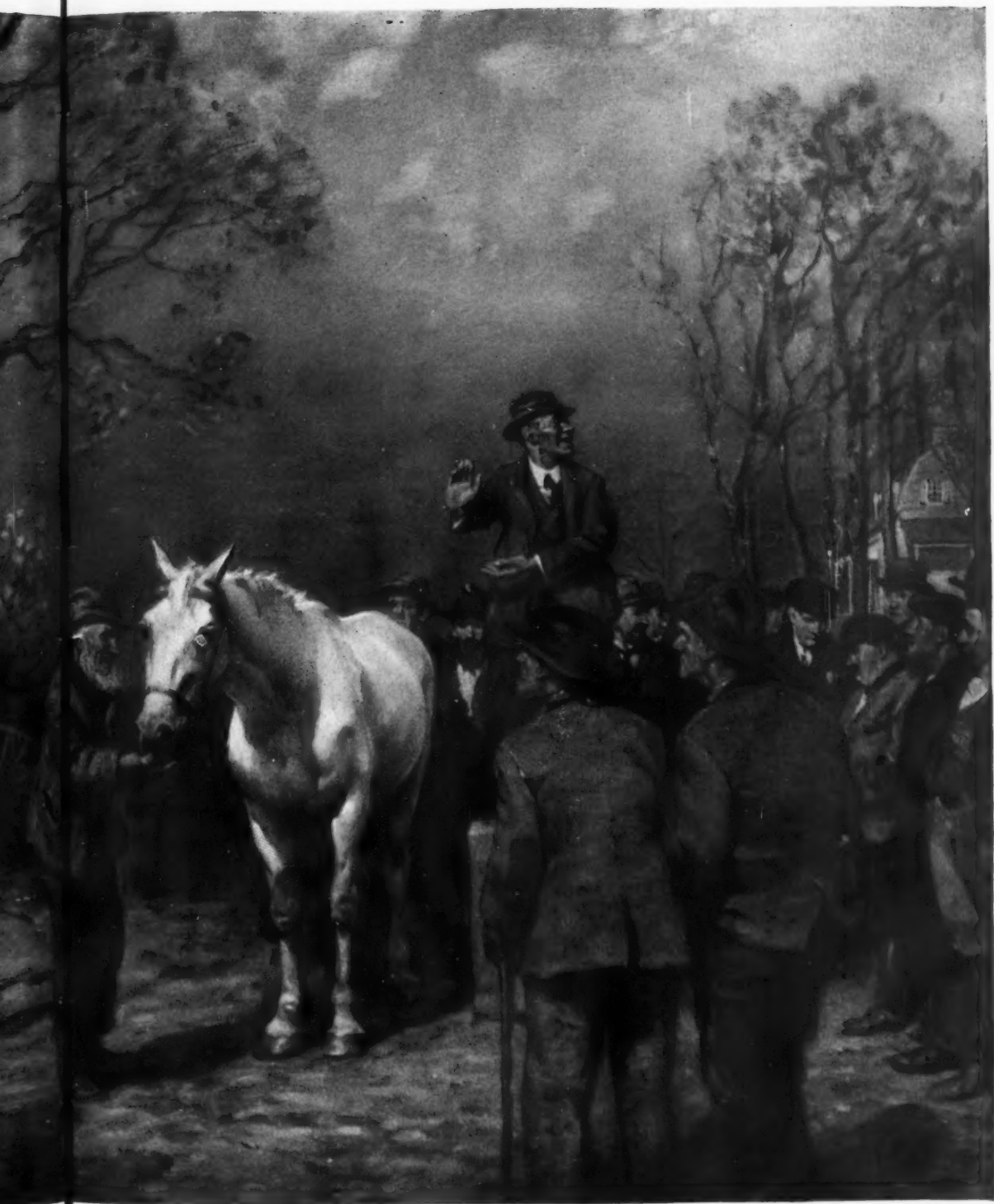
**T**HE scandal of representative government in our country is the fact that it is really representative.



THE SALUTE

—BUT THEY HAVE TO. IT'S COMPULSORY





**The Auction Sale**

OLD FRIENDS MUST PART





LIONS IN THE DANIELS' DEN

### Fred

HE has no other names, so far as we know.

But to that name he brings much honor, having distinguished himself on the field of battle.

He is an ambulance dog. He has saved the lives of eleven wounded French soldiers.

He has been wounded himself, but that does not discourage him.

The spirit of France is in him.

### Fifth Avenue

IS any street entitled to protection under the Constitution? and if not, should there not be formed a combination of all the best streets, avenues and boulevards to protect such a street in its inalienable rights? Fifth Avenue,

upon which almost every American at one time in his life has walked with a feeling of pride that, however humble, he was a stockholder in its grandeur, has fallen into commercialism! Is there no one to save it and restore it to its past glory? Surely Beacon Street and Euclid Avenue ought to raise their voices in protest.

Among the great streets of the world Fifth Avenue has earned its enviable place. Running north from a public square to a great park in a perfectly straight line, and of the ideal length, it shortly attracted to itself the homage and respect of all mankind. Every American must mourn its past greatness and its present fall.

A great street is one of the world's most important possessions. Its educational value is immense. It stimu-

lates the imagination and inspires a variety of the best emotions. Our absurd and abject surrender to the idea of property rights ought to be curtailed at least in this respect; no man ought to be permitted to buy property lining a great street without an examination of his fitness to uphold its character; and if he fails, a forfeiture of his holding rights should be exacted. That which inspires mankind by its beauty and which has been slowly developed by thought and skill and art, ought to be preserved inviolate.

GOGGLES: Going to take a motor trip through New England.

WOGGLES: Ideal tour?

GOGGLES: Well—I am going with my wife's relations.

# Cubist Poem

(Descriptive of a certain mental state which may confront the United States Navy if we don't look out.)

THE Admiral

Stood on the bridge,  
Awaiting the moment when the  
German  
or Japanese  
or Mexican  
or Swiss

Fleet should decide to go  
Into action.  
The enemy squadron was some 21'  
13  
—  
34

Miles away.  
And they seemed pretty

M  
A  
D  
"Admiral ; --, ' , - ooo ...."  
Came a wireless cipher from the ene-  
my flagship,  
"You had better surrender,  
Because  
Our vessels are equipped with longer-  
range guns, swifter engines, bet-  
ter armor plate than  
Yours."

"Huh!" whizzed the Admiral's wire-  
less reply  
Across the blue,  
"If you're going to brag,  
We're pretty up-to-date ourselves.  
The Secretary of the Navy  
(Salute by all.)

Has just installed in this vessel  
A Private Laundry.  
Also, there is a rest-room for the  
sailors  
On every deck,  
Hot and cold water, janitor service  
And a moving picture theatre  
Under the gun-turrets.

You naughty, naughty foreigner  
To  
Boast  
So!"

Whereat the crew joined hands and  
sang the following  
Chantey:  
"We're deep-sea dogs,  
Milk-and-water spaniels.

Every doggie has his day,  
Every sailor has his Daniels."

BOOM!!!

(Stars indicate the explosion of an enemy shell.)

"Stop!" cried the Admiral.  
"You can't do that, you know."

"But I have twice as many boats as  
you,"  
Objected the enemy.

"You can't prove it," said the Ad-  
miral.

"Counting the ones Secretary Daniels  
has retired for the purpose of  
economizing in labor,  
We have quite a few.

ALSO  
Aren't you aware that Congress,  
after three years of debate, will, may-  
be, give us the greatest navy the world  
has ever seen? Just look at that  
billion-dollar naval appropria-  
tion which Congressman  
Kitchin is trying to  
cut down to  
30c.1"

"Well," came a voice from the en-  
emy,

"When will it be convenient for you  
to fight?"

"To-day is Thursday,"  
Said the Admiral, consulting his log.  
"Of course we can't fight Thursdays—  
Our sailors have that day off ;  
The Secretary's orders, you know.

Let's call it Friday,  
January 13th,  
1919.

Then we expect seven or eight battle-  
cruisers to be

Ready—  
Weather permitting."

" \* \* \* \* \* !!!!!!"  
(More shots.)

Was the enemy's reply.  
Whereat the debate was interrupted  
by the fact that

The ship went down.

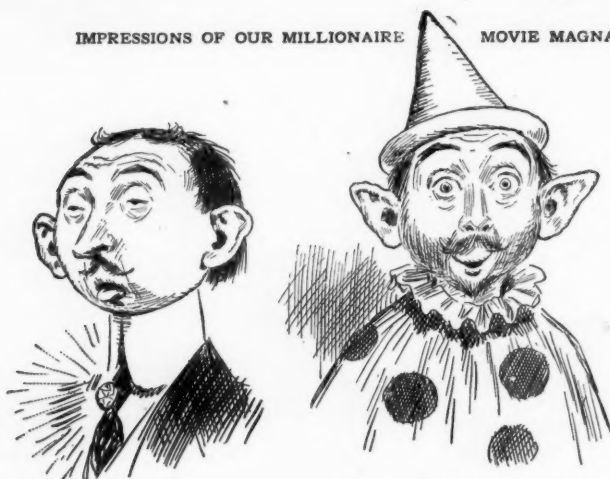
Wallace Irwin.



WHY HE WAS NOT DRESSED IN TIME FOR THE EIGHT-FIFTEEN

IMPRESSIONS OF OUR MILLIONAIRE

MOVIE MAGNATES AFTER SEEING SOME OF THEIR PRODUCTIONS



O. U. DRIVEL,  
PRODUCER OF THE GREAT  
SERIAL, "SAM SIMPHEAD"

D. BIGG-NOVES,  
WHO PUT OVER THE FIVE-MILLION-DOL-  
LAR WAR SPECTACLE, "OBFUSTICATION"



A. BUNCHA JUNK,  
WHO IS ALL THERE WITH  
"CHARLEY HORSEPLAY"

TOMMY ROTT,  
AUTHOR OF "SOBBY SUE"  
AND OTHER SOB STUFF



### New York Has Farces Also



THE season is waking up, but with no very novel material, most of it being in the way of not remarkably brilliant farce. A recent situation, from which we have been saved by a heroic President and a patriotic Congress, makes some of us wish that we might have, instead of farce, a good old strenuous melodrama with such well-remembered, though primitive, lines as "Back to the mines, men; ther-r-r'll be no strike to-night." But living in the era of Mr. Wilson and the movies, we cannot expect strenuousness on the stage any more than in public life. The stage reflects the times and the people, so the prevalence of farce may simply mirror national conditions.

One of the farces, called "Somebody's Luggage," thoroughly conventional in itself, thereby meaning that it follows the most obvious methods in supposed unexpected but always expected situations, has as its principal attraction the return to the metropolitan stage of Mr. James T. Powers. That he still has the ability, with such slender material, to excite laughter shows that Mr. Powers's reputation was built on a foundation of artistic merit. In "Somebody's Luggage" he does his full share towards supplying an evening's very light entertainment.

"A PAIR OF QUEENS," also farce, gains its title to consideration largely through the individuality of three character actors—Maude Eburne as an uncouth maid-servant

and Messrs. Cameron and McGinn as two detectives, almost stupid enough to be true to New York ideals. In addition, Mr. Edward Abeles is restored to agreeable notice as the hero, if there can be a hero in farce. With these as the principal fun-makers, "A Pair of Queens," not much in the way of novelty, but with rather more than the usual number of laughable lines and situations, passes an evening with amusement punctuated by unavoidable tickling of the risibles.

"THE GIRL FROM BRAZIL" is better than the general run of musical shows, both in the music of the Viennese type with waltzes and other dance numbers, not particularly marred by the fact that they are made the accompaniments to words for which nobody cares, and in the comedy scenes, which permit Mr. George Hassell and Mr. Louis Simon to create more fun than usually falls to the lot of comic-opera comedians nowadays. Besides these we have Francis Demarest, Beth Lydy and Maude Odell, provided with good material and well cast in an exceptionally large and competent company.

"The Girl from Brazil" seems to have fallen on its feet, not only because it is intrinsically and in its staging somewhat more interesting than most entertainments of its kind, but because just now New York is rather free from musical pieces of the customary sort.

"THE MAN WHO CAME BACK" gives Mary Nash an excellent opportunity to distinguish herself in an important and serious rôle. The girl who is good in the face of temptation, although at one time a real opium victim and at another a pretended one, has chances for the display of widely separated phases of emotion. These Mary Nash interprets with artistic strength. With her performance in mind, the play might more appropriately have been called "The Woman Who Came Back," although Mr. Henry Hall had the title rôle and ably accompanied her in her downward and upward career.

The play is a picturesque one, including in the geography of its five acts New York, San Francisco, Shanghai and Hawaii. Both story and acting hold the interest constantly,



which is high praise in these days when most stage entertainments seem designed only for wandering and inattentive minds. It is melodramatic, to be sure, but it has real qualities of an emotional sort and is quite worth seeing and hearing.



**F**AT men rarely are artistic, but have their uses in farce, as is shown by Mr. Frank McIntyre in the play of that brand called "Fast and Grow Fat" and written by Mr. George Broadhurst. The author has evidently relied upon the country-wide interest in flesh-reduction to furnish audiences for his play rather than on anything that even approaches plausibility in either his lines or his situations. He makes the spectator's mind furnish a lot of forgiveness for the lack of logicality and probability, or both. He has gone far beyond the limitations in these particulars, even for farce, and therefore the piece, in spite of its cleverness, in many ways fails to gain the entire approval of its audiences, much as they may be made amused at many points. Mr. McIntyre is at a disadvantage as a comedian owing to the scanty material supplied to him. Zelda Sears handles very amusingly and with discretion the always dangerous task of playing a woman under the influence of the stuff that inebriates. The company is a competent one throughout, and makes the most of the fun the author has handed to them rather parsimoniously and based on a premise that is too absurd even for farce. The mere say-so of a not very authoritative young woman doesn't seem sufficient to keep a whole household fasting for a week, even if the situations it develops are laughable in themselves.



**MR. RICHARD WALTON TULLY**, who wrote "The Bird of Paradise," evidently has a passion for the lurid. In "The Flame" he gives us so much of it that we are confused by it and wonder how so many weird things could exist in one country, even in Mexico, as indicated by his drive at ex-Secretary Bryan's lurid and weird diplomacy, for which Mr. Wilson stood sponsor. This dramatic exposition of the rottenness of America's recent diplomatic policy and consular service under the Bryan influence was the most stirring thing in a drama which combines revolution, voo-

dooism, muscle-dancing, hurricanes and baby-sacrifice in a profusion and staginess that made the audience more nearly laugh than thrill.

New Yorkers who complain of the high cost of theatre tickets can get their money's worth of drama—in quantity—as long as "The Flame" remains at the Lyric. *Metcalf.*

### *Life's Confidential Guide to the Theatre*

**Astor.**—"The Guilty Man," by Ruth Helen Davis and Charles Klein. A pretentious melodrama of sex and crime, not especially convincing as a play or as an argument for virtue.

**Belasco.**—"The Boomerang" by Messrs. Winchell Smith and Victor Mapes. Second year of a comedy, cleverly written and well presented, dealing some amusing blows at the medical profession.

**Booth.**—"L'Enfant Prodigue." Notice later.

**Casino.**—"Very Good, Eddie." Musical version of a successful farce embodying in its new form considerable light amusement.

**Century.**—Closed.

**Cohan's.**—"Seven Chances." Mr. Megue's amusing and very up-to-date farcical comedy well cast and well produced by Mr. Belasco.

**Cohan and Harris's.**—"The Great Lover." The life of grand-opera artists well depicted in a most diverting comedy.

**Comedy.**—The Washington Square Players in four interesting little pieces selected from their repertory.

**Cort.**—Closed.

**Criterion.**—"Paganini," by Mr. Edward Knoblauch, with Mr. George Arliss in the title part. Notice later.

**Eltinge.**—"Cheating Cheaters." A crime play on new lines with a surprising plot. Well done and interesting.

**Empire.**—"Sybil" with the Cawthorne-Bryan-Sanderson combination. Notice later.

**Forty-fourth Street.**—"The Girl from Brazil." See above.

**Forty-eighth Street.**—Mr. James T. Powers in "Somebody's Luggage," by Mr. Mark E. Swan. See above.

**Fulton.**—"The Silent Witness." Sentimental melodrama based on crime. Although done in modern fashion, takes us back to former ways of the drama.

**Globe.**—"Fast and Grow Fat," by Mr. George Broadhurst. See above.

**Harris.**—"Fair and Warmer," by Mr. Avery Hopwood. Laughable farce based on the experiences of a young couple who experiment with alcoholic drinks without knowing that they are loaded.

**Hippodrome.**—"The Big Show." Notice later.

**Hudson.**—Closed.

**Longacre.**—"A Pair of Queens." See above.

**Lyceum.**—"Please Help Emily." Well-played but far from clever English farcical comedy.

**Lyric.**—"The Flame," by Mr. Richard Walton Tully. See above.

**Maxine Elliott's.**—White-slave movie entitled "Is Any Girl Safe?" Notice later—perhaps.

**Playhouse.**—"The Man Who Came Back," by Mr. J. E. Goodman. See above.

**Princess.**—Closed.

**Punch and Judy.**—Closed.



A DASHING YOUNG WIDOW

**Republic.**—"The Dolly Sisters in 'His Bridal Night.'" An effort to make two very clever dancers into legitimate stars. Suggestive farce with the stars at their best when they dance.

**Shubert.**—Mr. Henry E. Dixey in "Mr. Lazarus," by Harriet Ford and Mr. Harvey O'Higgins. Notice later.

**Thirty-ninth Street.**—Closed.

**Winter Garden.**—"Passing Show of 1916." Another large and highly colored edition of the kind of girl-and-music show dear to the intellect of the t. b. m.

**Ziegfeld's Frolic.**—Diverting midnight cabaret provided to divert the deep-thinking of sleep dodgers.

## A DOG'S WILL



**I**, *Peg o' My Heart*, being an Irish terrier in the prime of life, but mindful of the uncertainty of existence in these days of motor cars, do wish to make appropriate distribution of such properties as I possess.

My brown leather collar I leave to *Nassau*, the neighbor's dog, as he has none.

And to *Nassau* I also leave my

cache of bones behind the woodpile—if he can find it.

My blue china plate and my drinking bowl I leave to *Vachel*, the cat. He has always envied them.

To my Master I bequeathe respect and obedience, not unmixed with fear—he was always a little stern.

But to my Mistress, who understood me so well, my undying adoration, the whole devotion of my being. If her foot should pass over my resting place my tail would wag and my ears prick up—yes, were I as dead as the Roman wolf.

My eager joy in life, the morning tingle in my paws, the delight of swimming for sticks and running wild in sheer madness of delight, the million haunting smells of the world, the thrill of footsteps passing the house at night, the everlasting fun of being a



little brown Irish dog and barking at everything, the agony of thrashings and the bliss of being forgiven—all these I leave to my successor, or to anyone who can use them.

My old box in the cellar the cook may have for kindling wood.

*Christopher Morley.*

### Defending Mr. Hughes

**EDITORS** here and there have been passing excessive strictures upon Candidate Hughes for his ardent espousal of the cause of woman suffrage. This is both unkind and ungenerous. Let us put ourselves in Mr. Hughes' place for a moment. Here was a real honest-to-goodness presidential candidate who, on all the principal issues of the day, had to be vague, indefinite and obfuscatory. For that very reason he felt it was absolutely necessary to be specific and positive in some direction. He had to show in some way that he possessed human qualities, that there dwelt within his manly bosom a modicum at least of candidatorial ebulliency. And so he looked over the field very judiciously and selected the suffrage question for the relief of his pent-upness. Had he not found this outlet he might have exploded some day when the campaign was at its height.

**SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER:** And the father of the prodigal son fell on his neck, and wept. Now, why did he weep?

**TOMMY TUFFNUT:** Huh! I guess you'd weep, too, if you fell on your neck.

**"YOUR** husband is of fine old stock, isn't he, Mrs. Tinkle?"

"Yes—but he never pays any dividends!"



*Tommy:* AW, PA, YOU'RE HAVIN' ALL TH' FUN



"I resign"





"Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also"

### The Spirit of the American Navy

**CAPTAIN JAMES LAWRENCE:**

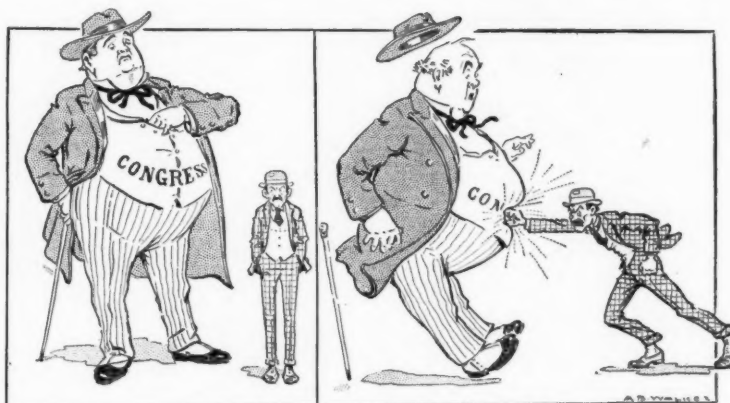
Boys, don't give up the ship.

**COMMODORE PERRY:** We've met the enemy and they are ours.

**ADMIRAL DEWEY:** If you're looking for a fight, we're ready for it any time you are.

**SECRETARY —:** The most thankful day of my service as Secretary of the Navy was when we increased the number of chaplains from twenty-four to fifty-two.

"WHAT are our sins in Mexico?"  
"Those of mission, omission and commission."



"SIR, I DEMAND THAT I BE TREATED WITH THE RESPECT DUE ME."

"SIR, I GLADLY OBEY."

*the soup of the epicure*



# Dining well- and economically

They dine best who dine wisely. This implies the *best* food, the most nutritious food, the food which in the last analysis *costs the least*.

The superior and exclusive quality of Franco-American Soups yields not only that higher enjoyment so prized by a cultivated taste, but also the largest return for the expenditure, measured in terms of sound health and bodily vigor.

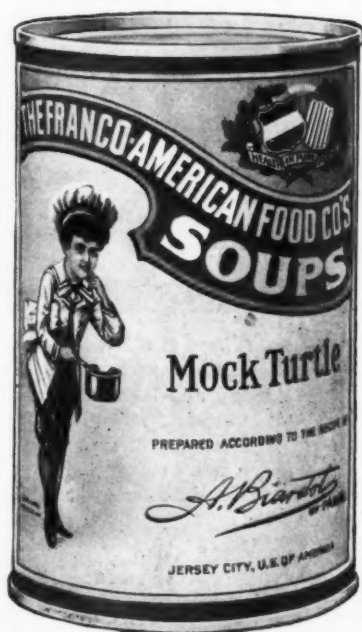
For example, our Mock Turtle Soup. The spotless white heads of young calves and finest selected beef from the fore quarter yield the meat stock, blended with a rich, thick vegetable purée of juicy tomatoes, red-hearted Chantenay carrots, tender little onions, crisp chopped celery, and parsley—all specially grown for this use. Marjoram, savory, sweet basil, dry thyme, bay-leaves, nutmeg, and sherry are "touched in" with an artist's fine hand.

Succulent cubes of calf's head meat top this dish to grace the table of an epicure—and your menu this evening, if you will but telephone your grocer!

*Twenty cents the can*

*Merely heat before serving*

*At the better stores*



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Tomato  
Mock Turtle  
Ox Tail, thick  
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Bouillon

Julienne  
Mutton Broth  
Clear Vegetable  
Vegetable, thick  
Chicken Consommé  
Chicken Gumbo

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Clam Broth  
Chicken  
Beef  
Pea  
Mulligatawny

Green Turtle, thick (45c)      Clear Green Turtle (60c)

*Makers of Franco-American Broths for Invalids and Children  
Beef—Chicken—Mutton—Clam—15c the can*

THE FRANCO-AMERICAN FOOD CO.



### With Due Allowances

It happened at a little town in Ohio. A visiting Easterner stood on the veranda of a little hotel there, watching the sun go down in a splendor of purple and gold.

"By George!" he exclaimed to an impassive native lounging against a post. "That's a gorgeous sunset, isn't it?"

The native slanted his head a little and looked critically at the glowing west. "Not bad," he drawled. "Not bad for a little place like Hoopville."

—Kansas City Journal.

### Looked Likely

REDD: I saw Clarence going fishing this morning.

GREENE: Is that right?

"Yes, and he had a box of candy under his arm."

"Probably going to fish for mermaids."—Yonkers Statesman.

### No Relief

The cynical person was standing in front of a part of an exhibition of local art talent labeled "Art Objects."

"Well, I suppose Art does object, and I can't blame her, but there doesn't seem to be any help for it," he finally said.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.



"OUR FIRST LINE OF DEFENSE"

### Their Chatter

Among the few who have a perfect genius for silence is a certain well-known artist, whose reticence is the amusement and wonder of all who know him.

A friend who had dropped into his studio one day was vainly endeavoring to draw Mr. H— into conversation when the artist's brother appeared in the doorway.

"Hallo, Tom!" said the brother.

"Hallo, John!" returned Tom, looking up from his easel with a smile.

John wandered about the room for fifteen minutes, turned over his brother's latest work, and then, going towards the door, stopped long enough to say:

"Good-bye, Tom."

"Good-bye, John," was the hearty rejoinder.

Tom painted on for some minutes and then, in an unwonted burst of confidence, he said, warmly, to his amused friend:

"I was glad John called! Haven't seen him for a month!"—Tit-Bits.

### The Correct Diagnosis

The physician had been called in haste to see a small negro who was ill. After a brief examination the doctor announced: "This boy has eaten too much watermelon."

"Oh, doctah," expostulated the parent of the ailing one, "dey ain't no sich t'ing as too much watahmillion. Dat niggah jus' ain' got 'nough stomach."

—Ladies' Home Journal.

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# The Baldwin Piano

**A**LTHOUGH its creator was unknown, the Venus de Milo was hailed immediately upon its discovery as the world's greatest sculpture. Likewise,

the Baldwin Piano when exhibited at the Paris Exposition was the product of comparatively unknown makers but it was awarded the Grand Prix and was declared "hors concours" (beyond competition).

True genius proclaims itself. It needs no pedigree.

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There is a hat for every girl's head, but how many of them are unbecoming and lacking in distinction—individual style. Many times a little change will make an old hat new—a new hat envied by all who see it. Good millinery is an art that can be taught.

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73 NEW CONCEPTIONS

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Mid-Year  
Model

JOHN W. BATE'S  
17th MODEL

# The 1917 Smart Cars

## The Coming Vogue in Bodies

Artists in bodies have now arrived at styles for the coming year. Most Mitchell dealers are ready to show them, finished in our own exquisite way. And with many pleasing extras without extra cost. They are paid for by factory efficiency.

### The Current Trend

The most conspicuous trend today is toward all-season models. The Springfield type is one of them. A beautiful Sedan, cloth-upholstered, electric-lighted, dainty and exquisite. An ideal closed car when you want one, seating seven.

But when you want a touring car, both sides will disappear. And you have an open car, as pictured on this page.

Another type for the year around is the Cabriolet. That changes in a like way from a closed coupe to an open Roadster, seating three.

### New-Style Winter Cars

The Mitchell Limousine has seats for seven, the extra seats facing either way. The Mitchell Coupe seats four.

Even in these cars the demand requires that all plate-glass windows drop. The apex of luxury must appear in every detail. The domes are electric-lighted, the curtains are silk. The limousine has a telephone, of course.

The Mitchell in these models has exclusive body styles, conspicuously up-to-date. No man or woman who admires such things should miss this unique exhibit.

### Some 20% Extra Value

In all Mitchell models, open and closed, we intend you to get 20 per

cent extra value. John W. Bate, the efficiency engineer, is saving us that in our factory. And the saving belongs to our buyers.

You will find in the new Mitchells 26 extra features, all of which most others cars omit. You will find 73 new conceptions, added in the past few months.

You will find a car in which 440 parts are either drop-forged or steel-stamped. A car which has hardly a casting. A car with a wealth of Chrome-Vanadium steel, costing up to 15 cents per pound. A car where the margins of safety are never less than 50 per cent.

You will find the final result of 700 improvements made under John W. Bate. A car built in a model factory, equipped with 2092 efficiency machines. A car designed to serve you for a lifetime.

You will find Bate cantilever springs, not one of which has ever broken. You will find a power tire pump, reversible headlights, an extra-cost carburetor for fuel economy, a new type of control.

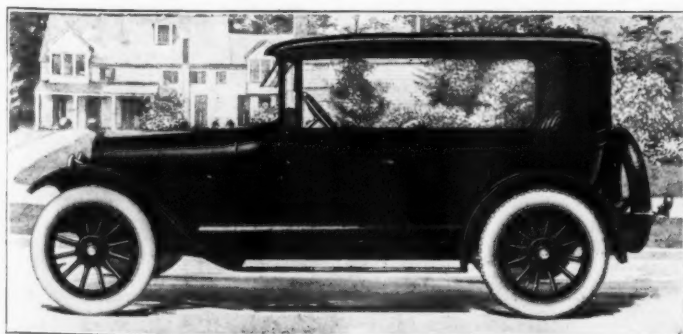
You will find an example of what modern efficiency can do for the motor car. An example to which an efficiency genius has devoted 13 years.

It will give you new ideas of motor car quality, beauty, finish and equipment. It will show you what completeness means. Lesser cars will lose their charm when you know this Mid-Year Mitchell.

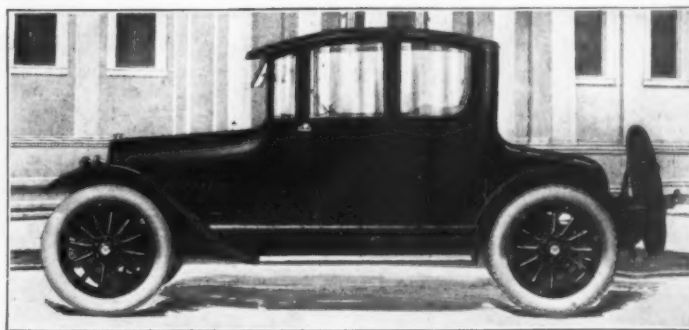
MITCHELL MOTORS COMPANY, Inc.  
Successor to Mitchell-Lewis Motor Co.  
Racine, Wis., U. S. A.

(113)

**\$1325** F. o. b.  
Racine  
For 5-Passenger Touring Car  
or 3-Passenger Roadster  
7-Passenger Touring Body, \$35 Extra  
High-speed economical Six—48 horsepower—127-inch  
wheelbase. Complete equipment, including 26 extra fea-  
tures. Also five types of closed bodies.



Mitchell Sedan, the Springfield type of body with windows down. An open touring car or a plate-glass Sedan. A minute will change it from one to the other.  
Price \$1985, f. o. b. Racine.



The Mitchell Coupe with seats for four. Dome light, silk curtains, a package compartment, plate-glass windows which drop.  
Price \$1850, f. o. b. Racine.

## OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



### Eager to Practice

"My boy, you want to practice thrift."

"I know, dad, but I haven't the tools."

"What do you mean by that?"

"If you'll let me have the five dollars I need I'll see how long I can make it last."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Sliced Oranges with a dash of Abbott's Bitters are appetizing and healthful. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

### Aiding Conservation

"Preservin' de trees would be easy," said Uncle Eben, "if ev'ybody had de same hesitatin' feelin' toward a wood-pile dat I always 'sperience."

—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

"WELL, Peleg, how do you find the encyclopedia the feller left on approval?"

"Seems to be all right. Ain't no errors in it so fur as I kin see."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

## It Is Best For You

as well as for your horse to have Capewell nails used in shoeing. The shoes can be put on better, the nails will hold longer, and the hoofs will not be damaged.

The best nail in the world at a fair price—not the cheapest regardless of quality. Ask for "The Capewell" nail.



**BELL-ANS**  
Absolutely Removes  
Indigestion. One package  
proves it. 25c at all druggists.

## EGYPTIAN DEITIES

The Utmost in Cigarettes  
Plain End or Cork Tip

People of culture, refinement  
and education invariably  
**PREFER Deities to**  
any other cigarette.

25¢

*Synargyros*

Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish  
and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World



### Solved at Last

"This is about the worst dinner I ever sat down to," he said, as he surveyed the table; "but I s'pose I ought to make certain allowances."

"Yes, John," replied his wife. "If you would make certain allowances you would have no occasion to find fault with your food."—*Tit-Bits.*

**BACARDI** Makes The Perfect  
Cocktail, Rickey or Highball. Try It!

THE only man she knew who lisped called her up on the phone and said: "Ith thith you, Ruth? Well, gueth who thith ith?"—*Scribner's Magazine.*



A Standing Invitation to Life's Readers

The best doctor on earth is  
**Moderation.**

In every walk of life you will find the healthiest, brainiest men are **Moderate men**—just the kind of men we want for customers.

That's why we make the mildest, mellowest, purest Whiskey on the market—for the **Moderate man**—**Wilson—Real Wilson—That's All!**

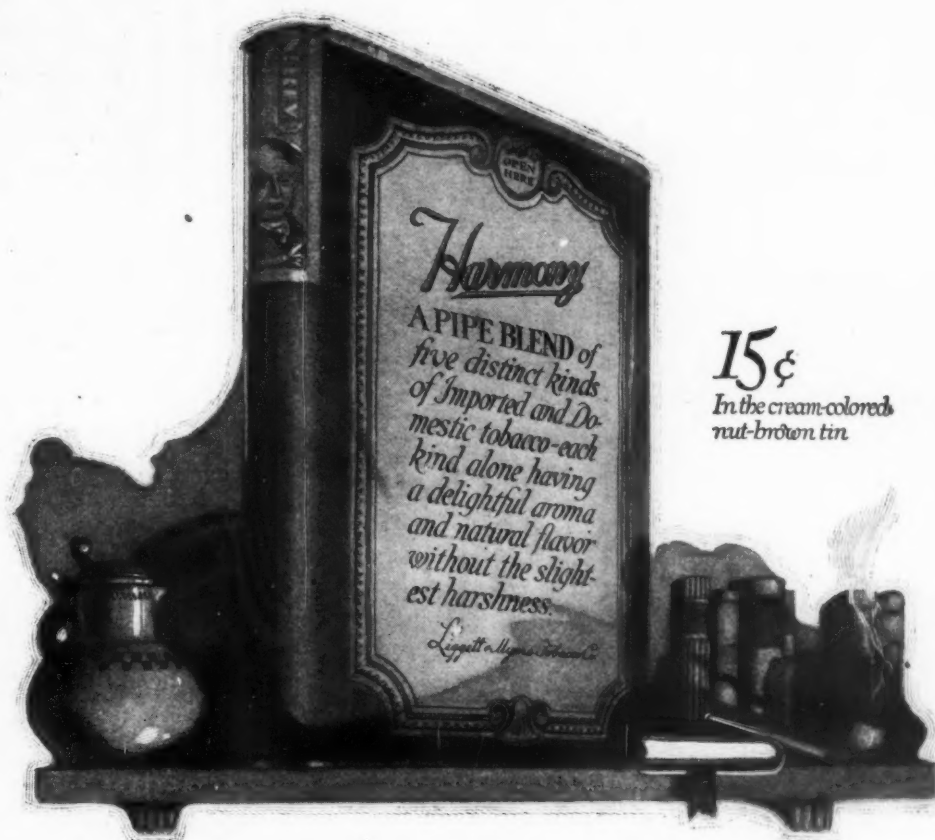
The Whiskey for which we invented the Non-Refillable Bottle

FREE CLUB RECIPES—Free booklet of famous club recipes for mixed drinks. Address Wilson, 13 E. 31st St., N. Y. That's All!



Both: HE'S MINE! I SAW HIM FIRST

Gentlemen: We offer you Harmony Pipe Blend as the newest discovery in the art of blending tobaccos ♪



15¢

In the cream-colored  
nut-brown tin.

*Announcement* ♪ Harmony Pipe Blend has accomplished something NEW in smoking tobacco. It has succeeded in so intimately blending (or harmonizing) several different choice imported and domestic tobaccos that it has in reality produced a new, more delightful smoke flavor—ABSOLUTELY WITHOUT A TRACE OF DISCORD.

Each of these tobaccos plays its own part in giving Harmony its

cool and characterful flavor. One is used for its exquisite AROMA—one for its "fruity" RICHNESS—one for its delicate PUNGENCY—one because of its unusual SWEETNESS—one for its full, mellow "BODY."

The result is a new, more delicious flavor—it might be called "rich mildness" so delicately does the rich savor of these tobaccos shade into mildness. But only your own, most cherished pipe can really reveal to you Harmony's perfectly balanced taste.

*Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.*

# HARMONY

## ♪ A PIPE BLEND ♪

WHERE TO GET IT: At clubs, hotels and most tobacconists. If your dealer cannot supply you, enclose 15 cents in stamps, and we will send you this full-sized one-eighth pound tin, postage prepaid. Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co., 212 Fifth Avenue, New York.



TO THE DEALER: No one knows better than you that smokers have been waiting for a high-grade pipe blend at a reasonable price. Order Harmony Pipe Blend from your jobber, one pound or more, and it will be sent direct from the factory all charges prepaid.



### Merely a Suggestion

TO instil pious thoughts into the minds of United States sailors Mr. Daniels might replace the present blank-glass port-holes with stained-glass discs representing the virtues and beatitudes in operation along modern lines. This innovation should prove popular among the men, and certainly would tend to round out their course in theology during the period of enlistment. Subjects suggested at random would be: Sailor refusing drink; marine closing eyes on passing burlesque house; Secretary of the Navy drinking grape juice in company with oratorical friend.

## Life Prints

Copr. Life Pub. Co.



**Ring Around The Moon**  
Genuine Photogravure. Size 9 x 12 in.  
Price 25 cents.

Copr. Life Pub. Co.



**S. O. S.**  
Printed in colors on plate-marked Bristol.  
Size 12 x 16 in. Price 25 cents.

Copr. Life Pub. Co.



**Rare Form**  
Printed in colors on plate-marked Bristol.  
Size 12 x 16 in. Price 25 cents.

Copr. Life Pub. Co.



**Working To Beat Hell**  
Genuine Photogravure. New size 11 x 14 in.  
Price 25 cents.

Shipped *Prepaid* to Any Address Upon Receipt of Price

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY  
17 West 31st Street New York

### The Masquerade

The smooth underarm of the décolleté toilette is easily and conveniently acquired by the use of

### Evans's Depilatory

This powder removes objectionable hair temporarily. There is no safe way to remove hair permanently. Applied occasionally, it keeps the skin entirely free.

50c for outfit, including mixing dish, spoon and powder. At drug and department stores or from us by mail—please send us your dealer's name and address. Money back if you want it.

George B Evans  
1106 Chestnut St  
Philadelphia Pa  
Makers of "Mum"



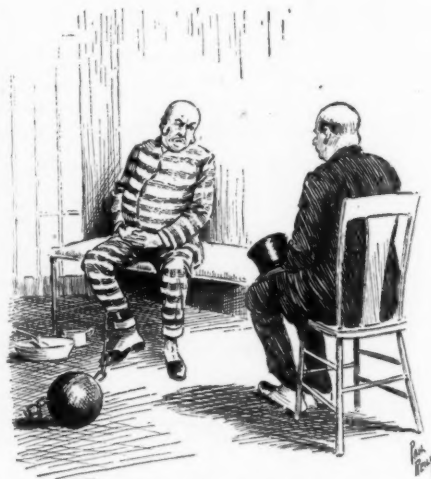
### Pepys on Mr. Daniels

"I AM troubled at my heart to think that such a knave as he has the whole management of the fleet."

"A modest civil person he seems to be, but wholly ignorant in the business of the navy."

"We were discoursing about the places where to build ten great ships; but it is impossible to do it, unless we have more money."

No, these sentences were not written by some journalist of to-day, but are quoted almost at random from the journal of Mr. Samuel Pepys, who had a good deal to do with the British navy in 1660 and following years. Some of Mr. Pepys' remarks might have been written with Mr. Daniels in mind.



### THINGS THAT NEVER WERE

Visitor: THIS IS SHOCKING—I THOUGHT YOU'D WON YOUR CASE.  
"NO! MY FOOL OF A LAWYER DEMANDED JUSTICE—AND I GOT IT!"

THE  
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STRO

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STROMB

Please

Plan.

Name.....

St. Add. or

City.....

P. S.



ART IS LONG, BUT CREDIT IS SHORT

## Doubtful, and Yet—

IT is much to be doubted that in the Navy Department at Washington the seven seas are listed as follows:

Incompeten-Sea.  
Inefficien-Sea.  
Idiosyncra-Sea.  
Inadequa-Sea.  
Delinquen-Sea.  
Impermanen-Sea.  
Hypocri-Sea.



THINK of it—37 4/10 miles on one gallon of gasoline! The most astonishing official Ford economy record ever made. Then accelerated to 43 miles per hour with perfect smoothness—a record that proves absolutely that here at last is a Carburetor which actually will reduce gasoline expense for Ford owners.

New Stromberg **FORDS** Carburetor for

In an official test, observed by the A. A. A., a New Stromberg-equipped Model T 1915 Ford with three persons and weighing 2,170 lbs., traveled exactly 37 4/10 miles on one gallon of gasoline. Besides it is constructed so that it will eliminate starting difficulties. Starts the motor with a few turns of the crank, even in coldest weather.

Only \$18 complete with all attachments

Send \$18 now—try one on our Money-Back Guarantee  
**STROMBERG MOTOR DEVICES CO.**  
Dept. B, 64 E. 25th St., Chicago

New **STROMBERG** Does it!  
CARBURETOR

**STROMBERG MOTOR DEVICES CO.,**  
Dept. B, 64 E. 25th St., Chicago.  
Please send me free literature and details of your Money-Back Plan.

Name.....

St. Add. or R. F. D.....

City.....

(P. S. If you wish to try one at once, send \$18 herewith.)

THE HOLLENDEN is a modern hotel of 800 rooms, European plan, central location, every accomodation.

Sixty per cent of the building is new. Two hundred rooms in the latest addition will be used for the first time this week.

The Hollenden faces the famous group plan of public buildings; is located at the heart of Cleveland on the widest street; is most easily accessible from all rail and lake terminals; has the largest Banquet Hall and Ball Room between New York and Chicago, and is nationally known for the excellence of its rooms, restaurants and service.

The controlling idea at the Hollenden is that guests want comfortable rooms and something really good to eat, with courteous, efficient, but unobtrusive service at every point.

Rates, with bath,  
\$2.00 and up.

James H. Thompson,  
Manager.

*The Hollenden*  
ClevelandSuggestion for an Application for  
Enlistment in the U. S. Navy

I HEREBY make application for enlistment in the service of the navy of the United States of America.

I am of a gentle and peace-loving disposition, having been always sickened by the sight of bloodshed or any form of violence, and holding firearms in abhorrence.

Am strictly temperate; indulge in no strong drink of any kind. Unfortunately,

the flavor of grape juice is distasteful to me, but I feel sure that in time this could be overcome.

I never engage in games of chance nor any rough sports such as billiards or golf. I admit to a fondness for crokinole, but as that was learned in the rooms of the Y. M. C. A. I am sure that it would not be considered detrimental.

I write a neat hand and have had considerable experience in the culture of flowers.

(Signed) PERCIVAL FETHERWATE.



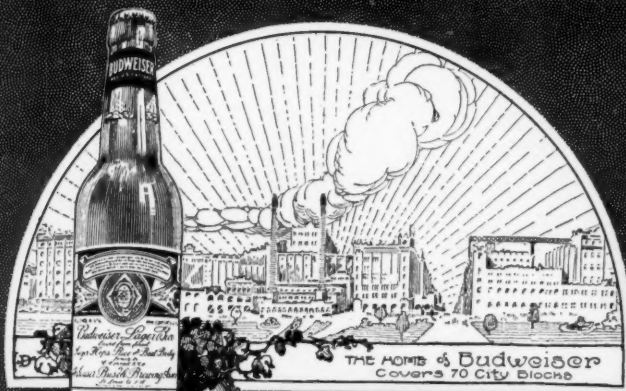
### The Glory That Was

A GENTLEMAN returning the other day from a considerable sojourn in Europe propounded to Boston an embarrassing question. He naively inquired who were the Longfellowns now, the Emersons, the Holmeses, the Lowells and Hawthornes and Whittiers.

Well, the gentleman might have stumped the proud Athens with another

poser. Where are the visible tokens she has ever set up to remind herself, and the other meek and admiring, that such men ever lived to make her famous?

All over this glorious country small boys are taught to cross themselves at every mention of Boston, to thrill to the speeches of Adams and Webster, to the deeds of Israel Putnam, to Longfellow's galloping story of Paul Revere. Everywhere boarding-school misses sob over Evangeline, or soar into the oculist's par-



Malt, of all foods, is one of the most quickly turned by digestion into nourishment. The best of malt is used in making Budweiser—hence its food value. Immaculate cleanliness in process and surroundings and perfect pasteurization of product and bottles make Budweiser a pure beverage. So—there's pure food and drink in

# Budweiser

ANHEUSER-BUSCH, ST. LOUIS.

*Bottled at the Brewery*

**You generally give all your guests the same drink when you mix your own cocktails. How much better to have ready on the ice the favorite varieties of**

## Club Cocktails

**to meet the individual taste!**

**In all ten varieties, Club Cocktails are marked by a smoothness and balance of flavor practically impossible in the home mixed variety.**

**G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.**

Hartford New York London

**Importers of the Famous  
BRAND'S A-1 SAUCE**

lors on the winged words of Emerson. On the first chance that comes in later life they come in wonder and humility to Boston, to see for themselves the cradle of history, the fount of wisdom, the temple of the arts, the hub and center of all culture, to feast their eager eyes on the glittering memorials that a grateful city has reared to the minds that have made her. And what do they find?

Mainly nothing.

Where is there a bronze Longfellow warning Boston in mournful and useless numbers to be up and doing? Where is there a Lowell, "safely ensconced in the old constitution," on some familiar corner? Where is Emerson, fixed forever in some Olympian inspiration, on the Common? Where does Oliver Wendell Holmes rest beside the "Long Path," as if in eternal, and fitting, amusement?

Where, if not these, is Paul Revere, caught in some pattern of civic virtue along his famous, if disputed, ride?

It's a pertinacious memory that lives in these days. Boston has respect for a master of finance, and marks it in a statue of Alexander Hamilton. But how long was he suffered to hide in a barn, waiting the subscriptions necessary to his public appearance on Commonwealth Avenue itself? How long was the fiery spirit of William Ellery Channing cooled by the same experience? No wonder he seems to be clenching an angry fist at Arlington Street Church across the way!

Edward Everett Hale had better luck. With a truly startling promptitude he took his stand in a corner of the Garden, looking up and not down, and baring his bronze head to the caprices of New England weather in a manner that is scarcely





THE AGENT

characteristic of that preacher of practical sense.

But Salem wards off in fighting mood every effort of charity to provide her with a statue of her great man Haw-

# BEAU BRUMMEL

## a Single hair annoyed him



**T**HAT greatest dandy of all times, Beau Brummel, set great value on the smoothness of his

face. After shaving, his custom was to go over his face with a pair of nippers. Hairs that survived the razor were pulled out by the roots.

Brummel was famous for his grooming at a time when good grooming was the exception and defects were covered with patches and paint.

Today in any gathering of business men you will see the freshness of face and ruddiness of skin that is due to the tonic effect of a daily Gillette shave.

Just lather briskly, rub in well; use the Gillette with an angle stroke; dip the face in cool water and pat dry with a soft towel.

The Gillette shave is velvet-smooth, no matter how wiry the beard or tender the skin. A keen, fresh blade is always ready. Prices \$5 to \$50. Blades 50c. and \$1 the packet. Dealers everywhere.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO.  
BOSTON

Send two cents in stamps for the Gillette  
1916 Baseball Blue Book. Dept. M.

# CASCADE

## HIGHBALL



MELLOW  
AS  
MOONLIGHT

A HIGHBALL made with Cascade Pure Whisky wins the praise of connoisseurs and the approval of all for its rich, smooth mellowness.

Original Bottling  
Has Old Gold Label

GEO. A. DICKEL & CO., Distillers  
Nashville, Tenn.

KNOWN THE  
WORLD OVER

TRADE

Gillette



## No Stropping - No Honing

thorne. And nothing but a dirty white signboard on a neglected house in Charlestown informs a heedless world that a man named Samuel F. B. Morse lived there.

O Boston, Boston, pinnacle of all virtue, plummet of wisdom, keeper of great memories, mother of great men, above all mother of the copper industry, can even your magnificent St. Gaudens condone your Yankee thrift in memorial bronze!

B. K.

Consistent Success

WITH

## DUNLOP GOLF BALLS



USING a Dunlop No. 29, James Barnes won the North and South Championship, the New York Newspaper Open Tournament, came second in Metropolitan Open Championships and third in American National Open Championships.

Try "29" and "31"

For sale by golf professionals.  
\$9.00 per dozen 75c each

The Dunlop Rubber Co., Ltd.  
Birmingham, England

The appreciation of what is good is a mark of distinction.

The host watches his guests with interest as they sip the 1820 Brandy that came out of the cob-webbed bottle.

There will perhaps be only one man in the gathering whose eyes will give back to his the answering gleam of appreciation.

And it will be that man, too, as one connoisseur to another, who will offer his case of Rameses Cigarettes. He has always smoked them. There is no other cigarette for him. He and his kind will never change.

They say, "Nobody ever changes from Rameses."

That same capacity for appreciation which makes you select the best of everything for your personal use will lead you naturally to "The Aristocrat of Cigarettes."



NIGHTMARE OF A TOURIST—AFTER ENCOUNTERING VARIOUS WAITERS, PORTERS, ETC.

### The Landscape

HOW dear to my heart are the signs on the bill-boards

When the New Haven local presents them to view—

The smoking tobacco, the borated talcum, The corsets, pianos and chewing-gum, too.

Ah, why should we care for a glimpse of the ocean,

A look at the hills or the broad, distant view,

In place of tobacco and borated talcum, Or corsets, pianos and chewing-gum, too?

In fond recollection I'll cherish those pirates

Who put up those bill-boards—to —\* with the view!

We've smoking tobacco and borated talcum

And corsets, pianos and chewing-gum, too!

Frank A. Waugh.

\*Deleted by the censor.

### A Boston Brother's Over-Statement

Cardinal O'Connell said: "There is something that is wonderful—that is simply marvelous—in the German character—in its remarkable capacity for organization. They know how to organize so that such efficiency results that nobody can resist them."

—The New York Times, Aug. 22.

OUR exalted friend from Boston must not be discouraged about the Germans. It is true enough that they are formidable in organization and hard to beat, but how can he say in this third year of the war that their efficiency is irresistible? The Allies have resisted it to good purpose and seem to have its measure.

Hope on, hope ever, Cardinal, and be confident that the Allies are going to whale the stuffing out of German organization and efficiency. Carnally speaking, put your money on the Allies. They are the best bet, and if hitherto your High Reverence and Grace has not based your ventures on that thought, by all means hedge if you can.

GRAPE NUTS—Bryan and Daniels.

EXTRA QUALITY

**DUNLAP & CO.**  
N. Y.

REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE

**CELEBRATED HATS**

Attractive Fall Styles  
Now on Sale

178-180 Fifth Avenue  
181 Broadway  
NEW YORK

Agencies in all  
Principal  
Cities

### "Don't-Snore"

Trade Mark Reg. U. S., Canada & Gt. Britain, Patents  
**STOPS SNORING AND MOUTH BREATHING**  
Made of Gold, \$2.00 in U. S. Postpaid. Money refunded any time without question. 3 sizes—Small, Medium (90% of sales), Large. Athletes use it to promote nose breathing and avoid "dry mouth." From Marathon's to Golf. Comfortable and Convenient—Information on Request. SIMPLE DEVICE CO. MIDDLEBURG, VA., BOX 30.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS  
**Cortez CIGARS**  
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

### De Mortuis Nil

SECRETARY BAKER speaks of Huerta as a "dissolute monster" whom Taft declined to recognize.

Oh, fie! Don't call names! Huerta's dead.

Besides, if Huerta was a dissolute monster, what, oh what, was Villa, whom our government was perfectly willing to recognize at any time it seemed warrantable?

No doubt Huerta was a hard case. But Mexico is a hard case. Our government has been willing enough to see like cure like in Mexico, if only it would cure. The trouble with Huerta was that the prospect of cure through him was so faint.

They mean foot comfort, safety and economy.  
No dirt-gathering holes.  
50c attached—gray or tan—all Dealers

LOOK FOR THE RED PLUG-IT PREVENTS SLIPPING

**SPRING-STEP**

**RUBBER HEEL**

Send 30c to Spring Step, 105 Federal Street, Boston, and get 2 packs of Tally-ho Quality Playing Cards that would cost 50c elsewhere

# Vafiadis CIGARETTES

*Purveyed to the Household of the Khedive, the Imperial Court of Austria-Hungary, His Royal Highness Prince Philip of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, the Imperial Court of Japan, etc., etc., the principal clubs and the regimental messes of India, Burmah and Canada*

*Those Americans who have smoked our Vafiadis (Vah-fee-ah-dis) Cigarettes abroad may now obtain them in the United States — because to Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company, who import them, we have also given the sole right to manufacture them from our Cairo formula.*

Theodoro Vafiadis & Co.  
CALCUTTA BOMBAY LONDON RANGOON CAIRO

Packages of 10, 25c. Tins of 100, \$2.50. Imported sizes higher in price. To be had at the better places of mailed postage paid on receipt of price. Address: Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co., 312 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



WHY NOT LAUNCH JOSEPHUS?

## The Latest Books

WHEN one meets a quiet-eyed, unassuming man who, while no "good mixer" in the Broadway sense, had that in him which is certain to make his presence, his personality and his contributed points of view felt in any company, one does not introduce him to one's friends with boastful panegyrics. One says, "This is Mr. So and So from Bucharest, or Chihuahua, or Onondaga," as the case may be, and leaves the rest to him, with perhaps a hint or so given in a whispered aside. Here is a new novel called "Witte Arrives," by a new writer named Elias Tobenkin (Stokes, \$1.25). Read the book, which in telling the simple story of some Russian Jewish immigrants wins poignantly close to the heart both of Jewry and America. And keep an eye on the author, who is likely to be worth watching.

A MORE deterring title than "The Human Boy and the War" it would be hard to frame. It fairly reeks with bromidic suggestion. And yet it masks, in the new book for which it has been chosen, a series of stories that are, by the way of being the best quality "boy"

## Salt Mackerel CODFISH, FRESH LOBSTER

FOR THE  
CONSUMER

NOT THE  
DEALER



FOR YOUR OWN TABLE

FAMILIES who are fond of FISH can be supplied DIRECT from GLOUCESTER, MASS., by the FRANK E. DAVIS COMPANY, with newly caught, KEEPABLE OCEAN FISH, choicer than any inland dealer could possibly furnish.

We sell ONLY TO THE CONSUMER DIRECT sending by EXPRESS RIGHT TO YOUR HOME. We PREPAY express on all orders east of Kansas. Our fish are pure, appetizing and economical and we want YOU to try some, payment subject to your approval.

SALT MACKEREL, fat, meaty, juicy fish, are delicious for breakfast. They are freshly packed in brine and will not spoil on your hands.

CODFISH, as we salt it, is white, boneless and ready for instant use. It makes a substantial meal, a fine change from meat, at a much lower cost.

FRESH LOBSTER is the best thing known for salads. Right fresh from the water, our lobsters simply are boiled and packed in PARCHMENT-LINED CANS. They come to you as the purest and safest lobsters you can buy and the meat is as crisp and natural as if you took it from the shell yourself.

FRIED CLAMS is a relishable, hearty dish, that your whole family will enjoy. No other flavor is just like that of clams, whether fried or in a chowder.

FRESH MACKEREL, perfect for frying, SHRIMP to cream on toast, CRABMEAT for Newburg or deviled, SALMON ready to serve, SARDINES of all kinds, TUNNY for salad, SANDWICH FILLINGS and every good thing packed here or abroad you can get direct from us and keep right on your pantry shelf for regular or emergency use.

With every order we send BOOK OF RECIPES for preparing all our products. Write for it. Our list tells how each kind of fish is put up, with the delivered price, so you can choose just what you will enjoy most. Send coupon for it now.

FRANK E. DAVIS CO.

67 Central Wharf  
Gloucester,  
Mass.

Frank E. Davis Co.  
67 Central Wharf  
Gloucester, Mass.  
Please send me your latest  
Fish Price List.

Name.....  
Street.....  
City..... State.....



stuff of recent years, freer from gallery appeal and fuller of the authentic boy-age attitude toward life than most Penrodic and Stoverish fiction. The book (Macmillan, \$1.25) is by Eden Phillpotts, whom we had almost come to regard as having never been younger than Devon. It contains a semi-connected series of anecdotes supposedly related by different boys at an English private school about the time of the breaking out of the war.

THERE is a lot of back-handed fun in the self-incriminating letters that Ring W. Lardner, in "You Know Me, Al" (Doran, \$1.25), makes a Bush-league baseball pitcher, recently bought by the White Sox, write to a friend back in Indiana. The "dialect" of the letters—both their baseball lingo and their Hoosier grammar—is a joy. The mutually revealing contrast between the Busher's self-imagined importance and his real character is used with skill, not only to maintain the fun, but to achieve a gallery of types, himself included, and to



## Hit Hard and Hit Quick

IT is the only safe way when dealing with the germs that cause disease.

Dioxogen hits hard, and if you use it soon enough it hits so well that germs never get a foothold to work harm.

Dioxogen is a bulwark against infection; no home should be without it.

**OAKLAND CHEMICAL CO.**  
10 Astor Place, N. Y.

**Clincher Tie Holder**  
"Neat Appearing"  
"Distinctly Individual"

PATENTED

For those of refinement and genteel taste. No projecting clasp or rough edges to mar scarf or shirt. Also worn with ladies' sport ties. Each in plain white jewelry box making a very pretty gift.

**Gold Filled, \$1.00    14 Karat Gold, \$5.00**

If not at your Jeweler or Hatter—sent postpaid on receipt of price.

**Innovation Sales Co., Dept. B, 1 Madison Ave., N. Y. City**



## BAKE your BEECH-NUT BACON

For 10c we will send you a special Beech-Nut baking rack.

**BEECH-NUT PACKING CO.**  
CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.

Makers of

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter  
Beech-Nut Tomato Catsup  
Beech-Nut Chili Sauce  
Beech-Nut Oscar's Sauce  
Beech-Nut Mustard  
Beech-Nut Strawberry  
Red Raspberry, Peach and  
Damson Plum Jams  
Grape, Red Currant and Crabapple Jellies  
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picture a phase of American "sporting life" that doesn't often get its portrait taken. But the series rambles on with little sense of story construction, and comes, on that account, perilously near to being too much of a very good thing.

JOHN TRAINOR FOOTE, on the other hand, in "The Look of Eagles" (Appleton, fifty cents), deals with the more conventional romance and sentiment of the sporting life, and compresses his presentation into an admirably compact and atmospheric short story. It is a story of the race-track; of the Kentucky race-horse-breeding milieu; of an aristocrat among down-and-outers who judges "hawkes" by the look in their eyes, and is given his pick from the two-year-old string of a rich owner and justifies his wisdom by the ugly-duckling child of its choice. The story is as old as storytelling and as racy as a race-horse.

FIFTEEN essays by John Burroughs are gathered into a volume called, after the first of them, "Under the Apple Trees" (Houghton, Mifflin, \$1.25). There is a good deal of nature-lore, of nature watching and of the celebration of the author's joy in both, in the book; and as these are what the author loves most and does best, the book is at its finest when these are uppermost. But the major part of the volume is given up to what Mr. Burroughs thought, under the apple trees, in philosophic and metaphysical moments. And there is a pluralistic worm in Mr. Burroughs' philosophic apples that his metaphysics is powerless to deal with, and that ruins this nineteenth-century fruit fallen in a twentieth-century orchard.

J. B. Kerfoot.

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